

STAR PRIZES TO BE WON...SEE "BUSTER GIGGLES" INSIDE!

BUSTER ^{7d}

and Giggle

EVERY MONDAY 18th MAY, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malia 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.95; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.9; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 125.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD

OO—HARK AT THAT NOISE!
THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH THE OLD
TANK IN THE LOFT!
I'LL GO AND FETCH
THE PLUMBER!

RUMBLE
RUMBLE

COO! IT IS AN OLD TANK.
TOO! I WONDER IF IT
STILL GOES?

WOW! IT WORKS,
ALL RIGHT! PITY
IT'S NOT IN THE
GARDEN!

VROOM

A SPLIT-SECOND
LATER...

COR! NO SOONER
SAID THAN DONE! IT'S
IN OUR GARDEN—
AND OUR NEIGHBOURS, TOO!
OOO!

FLIPPIN' KID!
COME BACK HERE
AND I'LL FLATTEN
YOU, AS WELL!

AND SO IT
WENT ON...

MY NEW CAR!
PRESSED INTO A
PANCAKE! I'LL HAVE
THE LAW ON YOU
FOR THIS!

OH-LOR!

STOP!
I'M TRYING TO!
ANYBE I'LL HAVE
BETTER LUCK WITH
ANOTHER LEVER!

A G-GUN! IT'S
S-STOPPED THEM—
BUT NOT M-ME!

WHAT A
CARRY ON! I
HOPE THINGS
CHANGE FOR
THE BETTER
SOON!

CONTINUED ON
INSIDE BACK COVER...

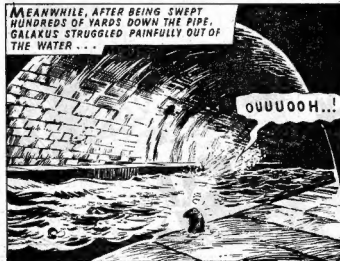
GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. His only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—posed as tourists and took him to a chemist's shop for treatment after he had been stung by a wasp. But while the boys tried to distract the owner's attention, tiny Galaxus staggered to an open window ... and fell out!



DANGER BELOW GROUND... IN THE SHAPE OF A FEARSOME RODENT!

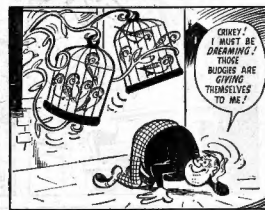
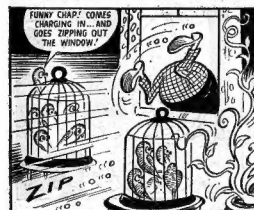




NEXT WEEK: PERIL STRIKES FROM WITHIN THE NUCLEAR EXPERIMENTAL STATION!

TROUBLE STEMS FROM A FAST-GROWING PLANT! IT STALKS A BUDGIE PECKISH!

FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



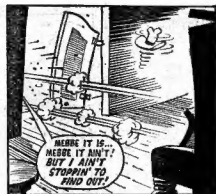
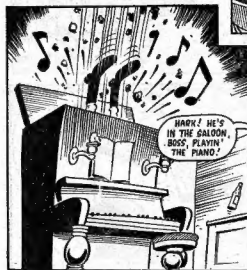
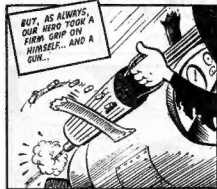
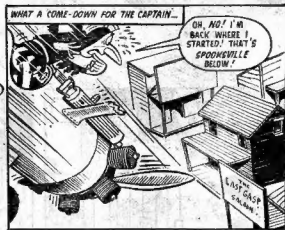
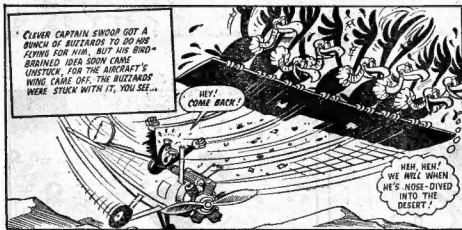
THE BUDGIES VISIT A RESTAURANT NEXT MONDAY — BECAUSE THEY'RE FEELING PECKISH!

SWOOP CRASHES INTO A PIANO, AND STRIKES THE WRONG NOTE FOR SOME CRAFTY COWBOYS!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



WILL THE TOWN BE BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD SWOOP. CATMAN AND THE BANDITS? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

FREE

In No. 3 of

JAG

THE BIG NEW BOYS' PAPER

OUT NOW!

SOCCER'68

BRITAIN'S FOOTBALL CLUB COLOURS

Second of two big wall charts showing footballers in their club colours.



Actual
size
15" x 20"

SOCCER '68
ALL THE
CLUB COLOURS
(Part 2)
Previously FREE in JAG

Custer



You must read these gripping picture serials

Snob College



The Penalty Area—The Mouse Patrol—The Indestructible Man—Thunder
Bill—Cap'n Codsmouth.

ALSO EXCITING PICTURE FEATURES AND FEATURES TO READ

Explode into action NOW
and EVERY WEEK with

THIS
SENSATIONAL
WEEKLY

JAG

7d every Saturday

A Fleetway Magazine

A SWIFT, STUNNING BLOW SENT FISHBOY REELING!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching Venice, in Italy, he befriended an orphaned gondola-boy named Nicco Tamberelli. Nicco took Fishboy home—but that night, disaster struck...



THE SINISTER STRANGERS WORK WAS SOON DONE...



TOO LATE, FISHBOY SAW THE BIG MAN LASH OUT WITH AN OPEN HAND...



ANGERED, FISHBOY LAUNCHED HIMSELF THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR...



NEXT MOMENT, THE SABOTEUR WAS VANISHING INTO THE DARKNESS...

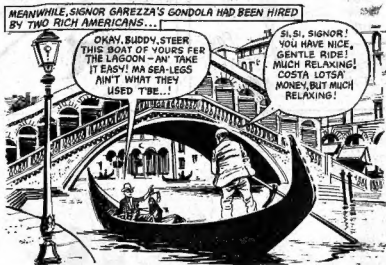
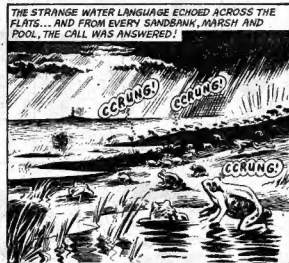
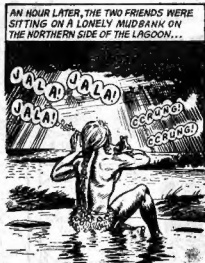


FURANTICALLY, NICCO TRIED TO SAVE HIS SINKING CRAFT—BUT ALL HIS EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN...



THAT CAN ONLY BE SIGNOR GAREZZA! HE AND I BOTH SCRAPE A LIVING FROM CARRYING THE TOURISTS! B-BUT HE HATES ME, BECAUSE I WORK HARD AND HE IS LAZY...

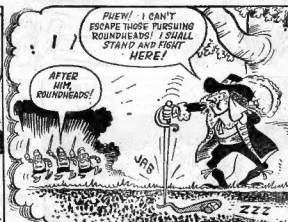




WHAT PART WILL THE FROGS PLAY IN FISHBOY'S PLAN? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S EPISODE!

WILFRED WORM HAS THE LAST LAUGH IN A RATHER TICKLISH SITUATION!

Wonder Worm



NEXT WEEK'S TALE WILL TAKE THE CAKE... IT STARS A WORM FRIEND OF KING ALFRED!

DRAMA IN A BOATYARD! CHARLIE HAD TO ESCAPE, OR HE WAS SUNK!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Having been transported in a time-machine through a hundred years, Charlie Peace found modern London far different from that of Victorian days. Amazing new inventions confronted him at every turn...

ONE DAY PEACE CAME UPON A BOATYARD AND WAS SOON ASKING QUESTIONS



YES, OLD "IN"! WE LAY THIS FIBRE-GLASS ALL OVER THE WOODEN MOULD, AND IT SETS ROCK HARD TO MAKE A BOAT-HULL!

HUH! THEY MUST THINK I'M SIMPLE! THAT AIN'T THE WAY I'VE BEEN USED TO SEEING BOATS MADE!

OUTSIDE THE SHED...



THE CONTROLS ON THIS CRAFT ARE PRETTY MUCH LIKE A MOTOR-CAR. RECKON I COULD SOON DRIVE ONE...



SUDDENLY, A STRANGER SPOKE UP

HEY! WILL YOU TAKE FIVE POUNDS FOR THAT HEAP O' SCRAP METAL, MATE?

ER... NOT HALF!



DHO! ME LUCK'S IN!

STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT LOAD?

THE SCRAP DEALER EXPLAINED...

WHAT? FIVE POUNDS FOR MY NEW PROPELLERS AND SOLID BRASS FITTINGS? WHAT IDIOT SOLD 'EM TO YOU?



HE DID!

OOER! IT'S TIME I WENT!



THE ARCH-ROGUE FLED ALONG THE RIVER BANK...

AFTER HIM!

THIS BOAT'S ME ONLY CHANCE! LET'S 'OPE I CAN START IT UP!

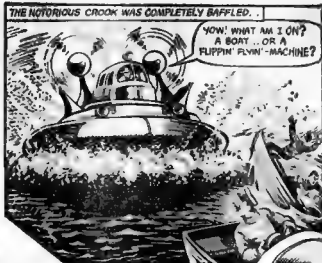


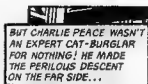
THESE CONTROLS ARE ALL DIFFERENT, BUT... AH! THIS IS MARKED "STARTER," SO I'LL PRESS IT... AND NOW THIS LEVER...

IT WASN'T AN ORDINARY BOAT... CHARLIE HAD PICKED UPON A COM'ACT, MODERN HOVERCRAFT!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

THE HOVERCRAFT SWEEP ON—LEAVING CHAOS AND CONFUSION IN ITS WAKE!





UNKNOWN TO NUTTY, SOME MONKEY BUSINESS WAS TAKING PLACE NEARBY!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Nutty Slack's reputation as a wrestler had earned him the job of stuntman in a jungle film. Unaware that three other stuntmen, who had also wanted the job, planned to get even with him, Nutty was given the task of fighting a man dressed as a gorilla in the big scene of the film...

NUTTY LISTENED IMPATIENTLY AS HE WAS GIVEN HIS FINAL BRIEFING BY THE PRODUCER, HIRAM T. GREENBACHER...

"CRUSHER" SOAMES IS PLAYING THE PART OF THE GORILLA, NUTTY! HE'LL HIDE IN THOSE BUSHES UNTIL YOU COME DOWN THAT TRAIL...!



THE GENTLE GRAPPLER SPOKE DREAMILY TO HIS PAL, CLARENCE TODWORTHY...

MY BIG CHANCE, CLARENCE! THIS FIGHT COULD TURN ME INTO A STAR! MY NAME COULD BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD!

YES, INDEED! LIKE 'DUSTIN'... AND 'SCRUBBING BRUSH'!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, AS CRUSHER SOAMES WAS ADJUSTING HIS COSTUME...

HEY, CRUSHER! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A NEW ANGLE FOR THE FIGHT SCENE!



AS CRUSHER SOON FOUND OUT, IT WASN'T THE FILM PRODUCER...



SWIFTLY, THE UNCONSCIOUS ANIMAL IMPERSONATOR WAS DRAGGED AWAY...

OKAY, BOYS...GET READY TO BEAT IT AS SOON AS I UNLOCK THE CAGE DOOR!

DON'T WORRY! I AMN'T GONNA BE WITHIN A MILE OF HERE WHEN THAT THING GETS OUT!





NOT EVEN NRAM GREENBACHER REALIZED THAT THE GORILLA WAS A REAL ONE...

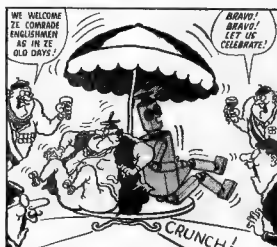
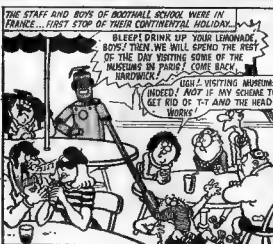
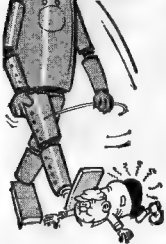
**BOMBA!
BOMBA!
BOM!**

THERE'S CRUSHER'S CHALLENGE NUTTY! NOW LET'S HAVE A GREAT FIGHT, JUST AS WE REHEARSED IT!



CAN NUTTY ESCAPE FROM THE GORILLA'S GRIP? KEEP YOUR HEADS UNTIL NEXT MONDAY, PALS!

TIN TEACHER



NOW ON SALE!

Action, Thrills and Adventure
from the Old West



SIX-GUN LAW No. 49

He had a famous name so they pinned a star on his shirt. But his father's reputation hung heavily on his shoulders.

CROOKED DEAL No. 50

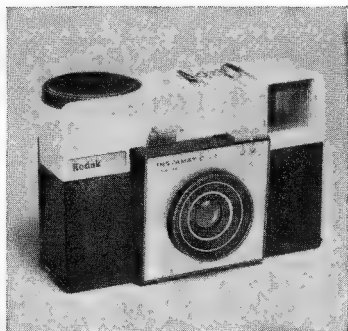
The law of the West could be ruthless and swift—as Lon Russell, cattle-thief and murderer, was to discover to his cost.

WILD WEST

picture library

Two new titles the first Monday of every Month
1s 0d each (UK price only) from newsagents
and booksellers everywhere.

A FLEETWAY Library



How to get an easy camera the hard way.

Short of having a birthday every month,
or passing exams every day, the good things
in life are hard to come by.

Take the Kodak Instamatic 25 camera in
our picture.

That's one of the good things in life.

It's small, you can load it in three seconds,
and it takes super pictures almost anywhere.

In colour or black-and-white.

So.

How to get it? (It costs around
55 shillings.)

Try cleaning the car.

Or take them all breakfast in bed,
dropping nothing but hints.

It'll be worth it when you buy your
Instamatic 25 camera.

It's so easy to use, it makes the waiting
worthwhile.

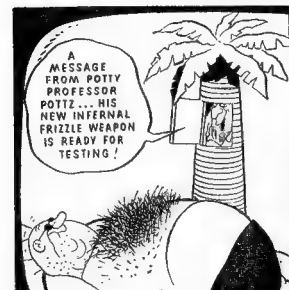
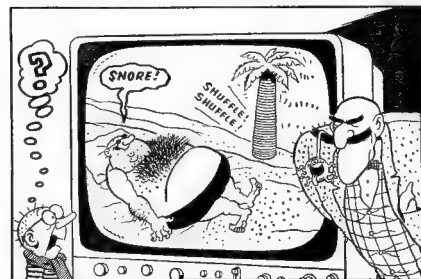
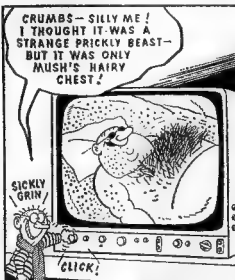
And you can spend many an idle hour
taking pictures of everyone else working
for their own cameras...

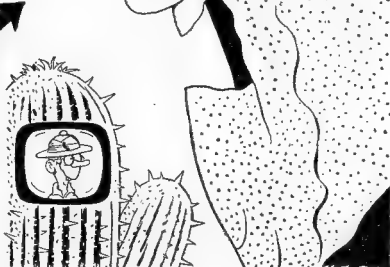
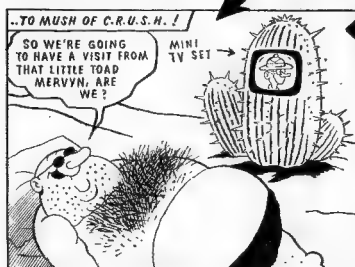
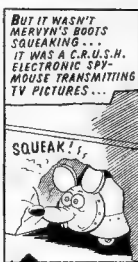
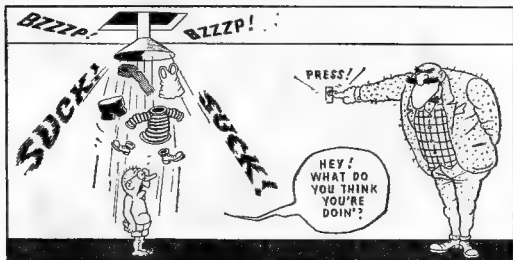
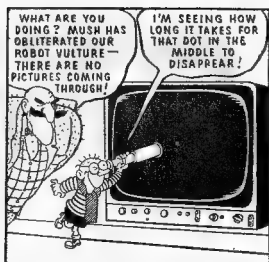
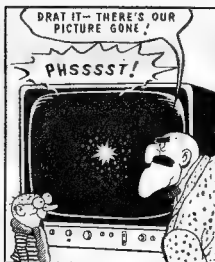
Kodak

"Kodak" and "Instamatic" are registered trade marks of Kodak Ltd.

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Major Rhode warned young Mervyn of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters) that something was up in the Sahara Desert, and that it could be linked with Mush of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). On a television screen . . .



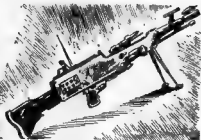


MERVYN WILL HAVE TO PLAY IT COOL TO AVOID GETTING A ROASTING NEXT WEEK! DON'T MISS THE FUN!

MICKY MARVEL HAD ONLY SECONDS TO GAIN VITAL INFORMATION!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel was the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon. An old enemy named Dr. Zinn had stolen some prehistoric eggs and kidnapped Frank Riesman, a friend of the Marvels. In an Amazonian village, Micky used the gun to save himself and his father from a cattle-stomped, then captured the rogue who had started it...



MICKY, HURRY UP AND MAKE HIM TALK. IF THE POLICE TAKE HIM AWAY, WE MAY NEVER FIND OUT WHERE DR. ZINN IS HIDING!

COME ON, MISTER! YOU'D BETTER TALK FAST...

MICKY AIMED THE MULTI-GUN'S LASER-PISTOL AT THE REMAINS OF A METAL BRACKET!

...OR I'LL SINGE YOUR EARS - LIKE THIS!

NO, NO! MERCY, LITTLE SENIOR! I-I TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW...



THE MAN ONLY HAD TIME TO SAY A FEW WORDS BEFORE THE PAINTING POLICEMEN DARTED UP...

N-NO...NOT THAT, I AM THE MAN YOU WANT, CAPTAIN...

STAND FAST! ALL THREE OF YOU WILL HAVE TO COME WITH US FOR QUESTIONING!



THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN THREW HIMSELF AT THE STARTLED OFFICERS OF THE LAW...

IT WAS I WHO STARTED THE STAMPEDE, AND FIRED A SHOT AT THE GRINGOS! ADVERT ME... PUT ME BEHIND BARS! ANYTHING!



JUST...KEEP ME AWAY FROM THAT BOY AND HIS GUN - THE GUN THAT MELTS METAL!

A GUN THAT MELTS METAL? WHY, I HAVE NEVER HEARD - HAH, HAH, HAH!



FORGIVE ME, SENIOR... BUT THAT FOOL MUST BE OFF HIS HEAD! HE THINKS THAT YOUR SON'S TOY GUN IS A REAL ONE! HEE-HEE!

THAT'S SILLY, CAPTAIN! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF?



MICKY HAD ALREADY SWITCHED OFF THE SUPER POWER OF THE MULTI-GUN, SO THAT IT WAS A HARMLESS TOY WHICH THE DELIGHTED POLICEMEN HELD...

AH-HAH! LOOK OUT, SENIOR... I HAVE JUST SINGED OFF YOUR MOUSTACHE!

AAAH! STOP!

AND I HAVE JUST CUT YOU IN HALF... WITH A STREAM OF PLASTIC BULLETS! HAH, HAH, HEE!



THE MARVELS AMAZONS
AQUA-BUP WAS STILL
PLACED NEARBY, AND
MOMENTS LATER...

PERFECT TAKE-OFF MICKY! NOW
SWITCH TO HORIZONTAL JETS,
AND I'LL LEAD HER TOWARDS
THE RIVER!

OKAY, DAD!



ONCE OVER THE RIVER, VERTICAL
LANDING-JETS WERE BROUGHT
INTO OPERATION AGAIN...

GENTLY DOES
IT! SLIDE BACK
THE COCKPIT ROOF
AS SOON AS WE
TOUCH DOWN...



A FINAL FLOOD OF SPRAY... AND
THE AQUA-BUP BECAME A
HIGH-POWERED MOTOR-BOAT!

BRROWWWWW!

WE'RE AMO!
NEXT STOP
THE AMAZON
INTERIOR!



AND LET'S HOPE WE'RE
IN TIME! IT'S CERTAIN DR. ZINN
DON'T STEAL THE GIANT
EGGS OUT OF SCIENTIFIC
CURIOSITY!



LET'S HOPE
THAT THE BABY
MONSTERS PERISHED
BEFORE HE MANAGES
TO HATCH THEM OUT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, FAR
AWAY IN THE HEART OF THE
GREAT AMAZON RAIN-FOREST...

MAIN TEMPLE-HATCH
RIDING...

AHEAD!
FORWARD, MY
BEAUTIES...



BEHOLD
MY ARMY FROM
THE PAST, SOON
TO PUNISH AND
DESTROY IN
THE NAME OF
DR. ZINN!



WHERE AND WHEN WILL DR. ZINN STRIKE FIRST? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

Hello, Mates!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB



LOTS of good things have happened this week—like my cricket team winning (we don't always)! Then I've made a whole lot of new friends by enrolling new readers in the Club. On top of all that, the Club Postbag has been full of interesting letters from members. Keep them rolling in—if yours is printed, you win a prize, and that goes for photos, too. Looking forward to hearing from you...

Buster

Four New Faces



Meet Kevin Jones, of Colwyn Bay. Kevin is nine, and lists his hobbies as soccer, swimming and roller-skating.



Roy Brandys hails from Tamworth. Stamp-collecting, football, and reading BUSTER are his favourite pastimes.



From Sheffield, here's David Cooper, aged 11. David likes cricket and football, but fishing most of all!



Wakefield member Eamonn Cotter is 13. He enjoys bird-watching and collects fossils and unusual stones.

A Goldfish Shampoo!

HERE'S a letter from Mervin Johnston of Lurgan, Northern Ireland: "I am just writing to tell you about my little sister. When she was two years old she went to play in the kitchen with her dolls. I left her by herself for a few minutes, thinking she wasn't likely to get into any mischief. When I came back I found her sitting on the floor with her head soaking wet—she had washed her hair in the goldfish bowl! We all had a good laugh." All of you except the fish, I'll wager!

Is this your week to win a BIRTH DATE PRIZE?

HERE they are, mates—six more chances for date-sponsors to win the prize of their choice: Model Vintage Car Kit, Pocket Knife, Fountain Pen, Writing Folder or Disguise Outfit.

If the exact day, month and year of your birth is printed on the right, and provided you joined the Club before Monday, 6th May, write your choice of prize on a postcard, together with your full name, address and date of birth. Now solve this easy puzzle and the prize is yours:

**DINGO
AMERICA**

**HYENA
AUSTRALIA**

**COYOTE
AFRICA**

Just match up the animals in the first line with the places they come from in the second line.

Write the answers on your postcard, mark it "BIRTH DATE GAME" and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 23rd May. Overseas members have until 12th September. More dates next week!

8th September, 1957
12th January, 1959
2nd April, 1961
15th July, 1956
25th November, 1958
27th February, 1960



★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★



TAKE BUSTER'S TIP... ORDER YOUR COPY, TOO!

WIN A PRIZE—WITH A WISH!

SUPPOSE you could have one wish—any wish at all—and be sure it would come true. What wish would you make?

You might for example, wish you could be like Sir Francis Chichester, and sail around the world single-handed. Or you might wish to be a cowboy, or the first astronaut to land on the moon!

Whatever your particular wish may be, jot it down on a postcard with a few words to explain why this is your choice.

Special prizes will be awarded for the ten best and most original or amusing cards received by Thursday, 23rd May.

Don't forget to add your full name, address and birth date and print "WISH" in the top left corner of your card before posting it to the Club address. Only BUSTER Club members can enter, of course.

FREE 20 diff. GREAT BRITAIN LARGE COMMEMORATIVES (A few of which are shown here)

Send a 4d stamp for postage and ask to see our famous PICTORIAL DISCOUNT APPROVALS.

Approvals are not sent outside the British Isles but this offer can be had for 3/- so those not wanting our approvals



(Please tell your parents you are applying)

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (BT85), 33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET

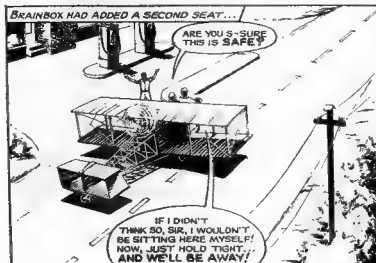
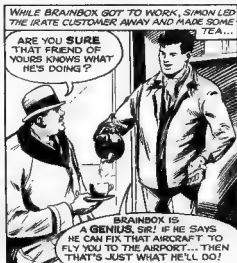
THE "FLYING FLEA'S" TRIAL HAD CERTAINLY MADE AN IMPACT...BUT OF THE WRONG KIND!



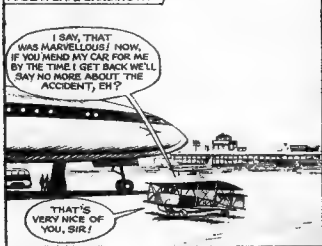
The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox were managing a small country garage for a while. Brainbox built a powerful but compact engine and installed it in a tiny aeroplane which he called the "Flying Flea". Simon tested the machine, only to get into difficulty...



SURE ENOUGH, THE TINY PLANE MADE A SAFE LANDING...



I SAY, THAT WAS MARVELLOUS! NOW, IF YOU MEND MY CAR FOR ME BY THE TIME I GET BACK WE'LL SAY NO MORE ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, EH?

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, SIR!

MEANWHILE, BRAINBOX WAS WORKING ON ANOTHER IDEA...



I'VE JUST READ ABOUT AN AIRCRAFT RACE! I WONDERED IF MY FRIEND AND I COULD ENTER? WE'VE GOT A SMASHING AIRCRAFT, SIR!

LONDON TO CAPE TOWN
AIR RACE
£5000
FIRST PRIZE



THIS MAGAZINE OFFERS BIG CASH PRIZES TO PILOTS WHO ENTER OUR RACE. THEY WILL BE PAID A £5000 FIRST PRIZE. PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN TO NAVIGATORS, ENGINEERS AND CARRIAGE HANDS. THE RACE WILL BE HELD IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FIRST PILE TO ARRIVE IN CAPE TOWN. THE FIRST PILE TO ARRIVE IN CAPE TOWN WILL RECEIVE A SILVER CUP AND A CHEQUE FOR FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

JET AGE '68.

IN THE MAGAZINE EDITOR'S OFFICE...



YES, WE CAN ALLOW ONE MORE ENTRY, SIR... BUT THE RACE STARTS NEXT WEEK! CAN YOU BE READY IN TIME?

DON'T WORRY... WE'LL BE THERE!

WHEN SIMON RETURNED FROM THE AIRPORT...



BRAINBOX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WE'RE ENTERING A RACE NEXT WEEK, SIMON... TO SOUTH AFRICA! YOU'D BETTER GET SOME MAPS... I DON'T KNOW THE WAY!



A RACE TO SOUTH AFRICA... BUT HOW DO WE GET THERE?

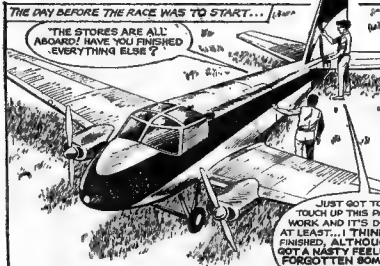
BY PLANE! THE FIRST ONE I MADE WORKED OKAY. I'M BUILDING A BIGGER ONE... WITH TWO ENGINES! YOU GET THE STORES AND GEAR READY!



SIMON OBEYED...

TWENTY THINS OF BEANS? TWENTY THINS OF SOUP? HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TWO UP TO THIS TIME?

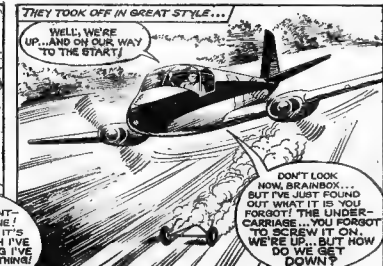
FLYING TO SOUTH AFRICA... IT'S BRAINBOX'S IDEA! WE'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD - IF WE EVER GET THERE!



THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE WAS TO START...

THE STORES ARE ALL ABOARD! HAVE YOU FINISHED EVERYTHING ELSE?

JUST GOT TO TOUCH UP THIS PAINT - WORK AND IT'S DONE - AT LEAST... I THINK IT'S FINISHED, ALTHOUGH I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!



THEY TOOK OFF IN GREAT STYLE...

WELL, WE'RE UP... AND ON OUR WAY TO THE START!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BRAINBOX... BUT I'VE JUST FOUND OUT WHAT IT IS YOU FORGOT! THE UNDER-CARRIAGE... YOU FORGOT TO SCREW IT ON. WE'RE UP, BUT HOW DO WE GET DOWN?

WILL THE FIRST FLIGHT PROVE TO BE THE LAST? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

PERIL FROM BELOW

★ ★ ★

Giant insects which had emerged from the depths of the earth were terrifying the countryside, but when Dr. Dick Rivers and girl pilot Peggy Penfold destroyed a queen insect with an ultra-violet ray device, it seemed as if the danger was over. However, Dick's fears that more queens were breeding elsewhere were confirmed when another monster appeared in Scotland...

ON A WINDSWEEP SCOTTISH MOUNTAINSIDE, A TERRIFIED SHEPHERD RAN FOR HIS LIFE...



SCRIVENS: WHAT - WHAT IS IT? WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

ALMOST STUTTERING WITH FEAR, HE RAN TO THE TINY VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN...

I SAW IT, I TELL YOU, SERGEANT! UP THERE, ON THE MOUNTAIN... LIKE A HUGE MONSTER INSECT!

A MONSTER INSECT? COULD THAT BE ONE OF THEM GIANT CREATURES THEY WARNED US ABOUT?



★ ★ ★

THE POLICE SERGEANT MADE A FRANTIC TELEPHONE CALL...

YES, SIR: GOING BY OLD MACFEE'S DESCRIPTION, IT SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THOSE!

AARGH! LOOK OUT THERE! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!



THE SERGEANT'S MESSAGE BROKE OFF AS THE WALLS OF THE POLICE COTTAGE CAVED INWARDS...



SERGEANT: ARE YOU THERE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MEANWHILE, AT THE LONDON H.Q., SET UP TO DEAL WITH THE EMERGENCY...

DOCTOR RIVERS: A REPORT FROM SCOTLAND: ANOTHER MONSTER... IT HAS WRECKED A WHOLE VILLAGE! LIKE PLACE CALLED ARRAC...



DICK RIVERS, THE YOUNG SCIENTIST WHO HAD FIRST SIGHTED THE GIANT INSECTS, TURNED TO THE PRETTY GIRL BESIDE HIM...

YOU HEARD HIM, PEGGY... ARRAC! WE'VE GOT SOME FLYING TO DO!

I'LL ALERT ALL GROUND AND AIR FORCES IN THE AREA!



TWO HOURS LATER, PEGGY PENFOLD DIPPED HER SLIM MONOPLANE TOWARDS GLEN ARRAC...



WE'RE HERE, DICK! THE VILLAGE IS IN THAT VALLEY!

AND THERE'S ONE OF THE INSECTS! BY THUNDER... IF ONLY THIS PLANE WAS FITTED WITH AN ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP!

MOMENTS LATER, DICK AND PEGGY LANDED NEAR THE PITIFUL REMAINS OF GLEN ARRAC...

I'M BRIGADIER FERGUSON, DOCTOR RIVERS: I'M GLAD TO REPORT THAT NO-ONE IN ARRAC WAS SERIOUSLY HURT! BUT WE'RE EVACUATING EVERYBODY TO A SAFER PLACE!

I'M AFRAID THAT NO PLACE IS SAFE FROM THESE MONSTERS. BRIGADIER: EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM MUST BE DESTROYED!



THE OFFICER LED THE WAY TO A HILLTOP...



I'VE GOT MEN POSTED ALL OVER THE ARRAC MOUNTAINS. BUT SO FAR THEY HAVEN'T SEEN A THING!

DON'T WORRY, BRIGADIER! THOSE SWARMING NIGHTMARES CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY. SAW ONE OF THEM SUTTLE INTO A CAVE!

WE'VE TURNED GLEN ARRAC CASTLE INTO OUR LOCAL H.Q. DOCTOR RIVERS! IF I ORGANISED SOME MEN INTO A PATROL, PERHAPS YOU COULD DESCRIBE THE POSITION OF THAT CAVE!



I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL GO WITH THEM!

MOMENTS LATER, EQUIPPED WITH ULTRA-VIOLET RAY WEAPONS, THE TEN-MAN PATROL MOVED OFF...



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, CAPTAIN! THESE MONSTERS PREFER TO MOVE AROUND IN THE DARK!

RIGHT, DOCTOR RIVERS! THEN WE SHOULD SEE SOME ACTION PRETTY SOON!

THEN, HALFWAY UP THE MOUNTAIN...



THERE IT IS! RIGHT ABOVE US!

LOOK OUT! ITS WEIGHT IS CRACKING THE ROCK! GET BACK!

DICK'S VELL OF WARNING CAME JUST IN TIME...



THAT WASN'T THE QUEEN INSECT. AND TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE TRACKS!

GOSH! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, SIR! LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE HERD OF THEM PASSED HERE RECENTLY!

THEY FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO A DEEP GORGE...



THEY WENT DOWN THERE, DOCTOR RIVERS! DO WE GO AFTER THEM?

SIR! WHAT'S THAT... ON THE OTHER SIDE?

THEY WERE ONLY HALF-WAY ACROSS THE IRON RAILWAY BRIDGE WHEN...



LOOK! ANOTHER MONSTER... BURROWING OUT OF THE SIDE OF THE GORGE!

THE BRIDGE BEGAN TO SHUDDER VIOLENTLY AS ITS METAL SUPPORTS SNAPPED LIKE MATCHSTICKS...



BACK! GET BACK... BEFORE THE WHOLE THING COLLAPSES!

AMID A CRUSHING AVALANCHE OF ROCKS, THE GIANT INSECT FELL TO ITS DEATH. THE PATROL LEADER GRINNED WITH RELIEF...

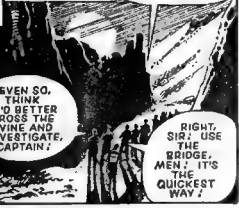


PHIEW, THAT WAS CLOSE, SIR! BUT AT LEAST THE MONSTERS DEAD! PANIC OVER!

I WISH I COULD AGREE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN!

THE SOLDIER'S VOICE TRAILED OFF UNCERTAINLY...

I... THOUGHT I SAW A MOVEMENT! BUT I CAN'T BE SURE...

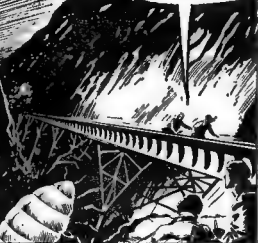


EVEN SO, I THINK WE'D BETTER CROSS THE RAVINE AND INVESTIGATE, CAPTAIN!

RIGHT, SIR! USE THE BRIDGE, MEN! IT'S THE QUICKEST WAY!

THEN, ABOVE THE CREAK OF THE SWAYING BRIDGE, CAME A DISTANT, PIERCING WHISTLE!

THERE'S A TRAIN COMING! AND EVEN IF IT GETS PAST THAT MONSTER, IT WILL BRING THE BRIDGE DOWN!



ARE THE TRAIN PASSENGERS DOOMED? SEE NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDERS OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

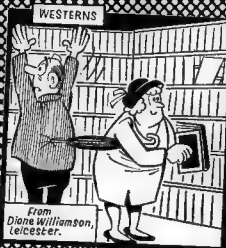
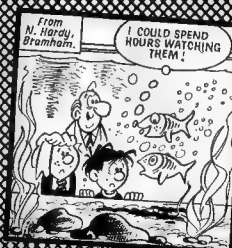
(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

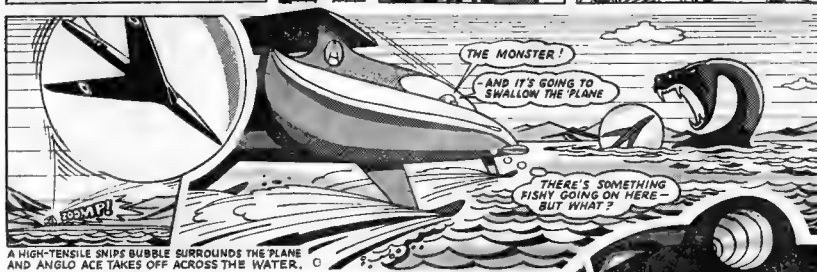
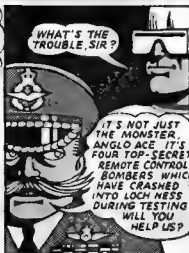
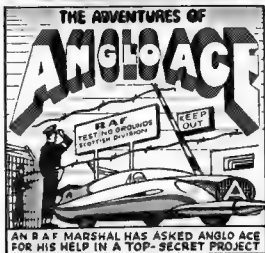
- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

If I win, the gift I choose is:.....

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.



This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo



ANGLO BUBBLY GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHAW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

LASHED BY THE STORM, THE AIRSHIP WAS FLUNG FAR OFF COURSE!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER PREFERRED THE SEA TO THE SKY AND REFUSED TO COMMAND TOBIAS FLAGON'S AIRSHIP AS IT FLEW TOWARDS SOUTH AMERICA, WHERE THE PIRATE'S ENEMY PEG-LEG PILMER WAS SKULKING. HOOKER WAS STILL HOPING TO SPOT A SUITABLE SHIP TO CAPTURE WHEN THE AIRSHIP RAN INTO A STORM...

THE FURY OF THE ELEMENTS TOOK ITS TOLL

OH, TOBIAS! WE'VE BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! THE STEERING UNIT HAS BEEN SMATTERED

NOT TO WORRY, YOUNG WILL! IT CAN BE REPAIRED! BUT AT THE MOMENT WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF WINDS!

WILL BARBER REMEMBERED HIS

WAY! LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE! WE'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!

SHALL I CALL THE CAPTAIN?

ALL NIGHT THROUGH THE STORM RAGED - THEN CAME THE DAWN AND CALM.

PATIENCE WILL! THEY ARE MOUNTAIN PEAKS! I FEAR WE ARE A LONG WAY FROM THE COAST!

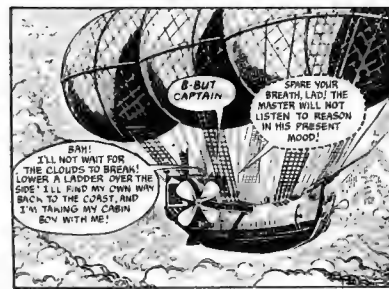
LOOK, TOBIAS - OVER THERE 'LAND! WE MUST BE CLOSE!

IF MY INSTRUMENTS SERVE ME TRUE, I FEAR WE ARE IN FOR ANOTHER STORM... WHEN THE CAPTAIN FINDS OUT OUR POSITION!

TOBIAS WAS RIGHT...

FIFTY MILES AWAY, AND OVER AN UNINHABITED REGION! SO THIS IS WHERE YOUR CONTRAFTION HAS LANDED US!

AS SOON AS THE CLOUDS BREAK WE WILL GO DOWN AND MAKE GOOD THE DAMAGE! WE'LL SOON BE ON OUR WAY AGAIN!



B-BUT CAPTAIN

SPARE YOUR BREATH, LAD! THE MASTER WILL NOT LISTEN TO REASON IN HIS PRESENT MOOD!

SAH! I'LL NOT WAIT FOR THE CLOUDS TO BREAK! I'LL LOWER A LADDER OVER THE SIDE! I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY BACK TO THE COAST, AND I'M TAKING MY CABIN BOY WITH ME!

AS SOON AS THE LADDER WAS LET DOWN...

IN A MATTER OF HOURS I SHOULD THINK, WILL! THE GOOD CAPTAIN DISLIKES FLYING, BUT HE'LL SOON PREFER IT TO WALKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE I IMAGINE THERE IS BELOW!

GOODBYE, TOBIAS! I HOPE WE WILL MEET AGAIN ONE DAY!

HURRY UP, BOY! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!



WIND HOW YOU STEP DOWN, LAD! I'VE NO WISH TO CARRY YOU ALL THE WAY TO THE COAST!

AND I'VE NO WISH TO GO AT ALL!



IT WAS HARD GOING

A MAN COULD EASILY GET LOST IN THIS FOREST, CAP'N!

AN ORDINARY MAN COULD, BUT I WON'T! I NEED NO FANCY INSTRUMENTS TO CHART MY COURSE!



ONCE WE GET TO THE COAST I'LL SOON FIND A SHIP AND A RASCALLY CREW! THEN, WHEN THAT SCUM PALMER APPEARS, I'LL TAKE ANY LOOT HE MIGHT HAVE GOT FROM THE GOLDEN CITY OF ORONITE AND THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER HE'X SNAPPED

B BUT WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE COAST FIRST, CAP'N!



WE'LL REACH IT, HAVE NO FEAR! WE'X BETIDE ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP US!

L-LOOK CAP'N! JUST AHEAD! NATIVES!



STAY BACK, BOY! I'LL SOON DEAL WITH THEM!



ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERED, PITCH-EYE STORMED INTO ACTION...

STAND AN' DEFY ME, WOULD YOU, YOU PRETTY-PAINTED BULLY BOYS?



THE INDIANS SOON FLED...

BAH! COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT, YOU LILY-LIVERED SCUM!

OH, MY GOSH! HE'S GOING AFTER THEM!



BUT THEY TO WALKS HORROR AND THE PIRATE'S SURPRISE...

EEEEAGH!

THE CAPTAIN'S RUN INTO A TRAP!



I'LL SOON CUT YOU DOWN, CAP'N!

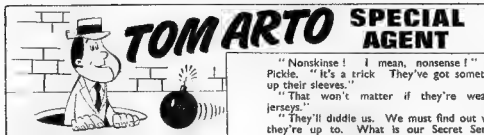
NO! RUN FOR IT, BOY! SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN! THAT'S AN ORDER!



WILL HAD LITTLE CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY, UNTIL HE STUMBLERED AND FELL

GOSH! A PISTOL!

IS THERE STILL HOPE FOR WILL? CAN HE SAVE THE DAY? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!



Team Work!

FOREIGN Minister Pickle looked worried. In his hand was a document which had arrived from Taptap. It put him in the picture about a ticklish situation.

"Hey, you," he read. "I have just bought a sponge and wish to use it to wipe somebody off the face of the earth. It might as well be you. What about a war starting tomorrow at 3 p.m.?"

He picked up a pen and wrote: "Our army is going to the pictures, and I like to have them in bed early. What about a game of dominoes instead?"

This made the authorities of Taptap angry. They held a meeting and decided to put Pickle in his place.

"I'm no good at dominoes," said the President.

"Every time I look at 'em I see spots. Pickle knows that. The awful old man!"

"Let's offer to play 'em at hoops!" said one of the Cabinet. "I'm very good at ringing things. I'm the school-bell puller and I could make rings around anyone else."

"No good," snapped the President. "They might ring the changes and then where would you be?"

Everybody gave three cheers except one man, who only gave two, as he was a bit of a skink. "How would it be," said one, "if, instead of a war, we challenged them to a football match?"

"What good's that? They might win!"

HE WAS PUT IN THE PICTURE



"I think not. I have a plan."

"What is it?"

The chap explained and later the challenge was issued.

Pickle was suspicious. Some plot was behind this! Taptap would never play football unless they were certain of winning.

He wrung his hands and his secretary answered. Pickle explained quickly.

"Goody, goody!" cried the secretary on hearing the challenge. "That will be a better way of settling things than a noisy old war."

"Nonsense!" I mean, nonsense!" said Pickle. "It's a trick. They've got something up their sleeves."

"That won't matter if they're wearing jerseys."

"They'll fiddle us. We must find out what they're up to. What is our Secret Service like?"

"Terrible! We've only got one spy, and everybody knows who he is and where he is. He eats onions, you see!"

"Then we must find a new spy. A clever, fly spy."

"Where can we find a spy fly?"

"Not a spy fly. A fly spy."

"The greatest man in the world lives in London," suggested the secretary.

"Where's that?"

"Where Big Ben is."

"Then send for Big Ben at once."

"Big Ben won't come here, sir. He's got a regular job telling people the time."

"He can come and tell me—my watch has come to harm and lost its hands!"

"He's not a watch—he's a clock."

"So what? If his clock is no worse than yours we can put up with it. We needn't look so long as he does this job."

"You don't understand, sir. Big Ben couldn't do any job."

"Why not?"

"Big Ben is a clock in London. Also in London is the man for this job. Tom Arto."

"Send for him!" commanded Pickle.

"Money's no object. It never was, since we haven't any. Tell him to go to Taptap and find out what their game is."

So Tom travelled to Taptap and, disguised as a waistcoat button, perched on a minister's waistcoat and heard everything.

He lost no time in reporting to President Pickle.

"Taptap have scoured the world for footballers," he said. "They've found a player who's as good as ten men; they've found another who's twice as good as that, so that he counts twenty. That means they would have a team of thirty-nine!"

"Then we're in the soup."

"Not quite," said Tom. "I shall play."

"And I," announced Pickle.

"Good," said Tom. "I'll play centre forward, you play inside right, and your secretary can play the gramophone at half-time to entertain the crowd."

The day arrived and the ground was packed. Half an hour before the match was due to start the sun came out, but his mother called him and, being a dutiful son, he went in again.

The teams appeared. President Pickle looked a fine specimen; his legs looked like two pieces of string with knots in, and his chest would have looked massive if he'd had one.

Tom carried a carpet bag and, because of this, the referee approached him.

"What's in that bag?" he asked.

"Tools," replied Tom, using his loaf and thinking quickly. "A workman can't work without tools."

"I've never seen a footballer with a bag of tools before."

"You live and learn," responded Tom. "It will be something to tell the folks when you return home."

When it came to tossing for ends they had no penny, so they tossed the referee in a blanket. He came down heads, which meant that Tom was to kick-off.

The referee blew his whistle.

Nothing happened!

"Go on," said the referee. "Kick-off!"

"Kick-off what?" said Tom.

"The ball."

"What for? It hasn't done anything to me."

Eventually the game commenced, and the Taptap player who was as good as ten men played like eight of them in the first minute, keeping two in hand.

The opposing team rushed towards the goal; it looked ominous. Tom opened his bag, took out a hammer, and broke up the attack.



And so it went on! Attack after attack was thwarted by Tom, who performed like a conquer in shorts.

He produced an answer to every move by the Taptap team.

When they were awarded a free kick near the goal, Tom produced a pelican with a bill and charged the opposition for the shot. They couldn't afford it, so they weren't allowed to take it. Another escape! Phew!

The Taptap team couldn't take corners, either, as Tom had cut the edges off of the pitch with a pair of shears.

Time was slipping by, and so were any players who trod on the tin of polish Tom planted on, the pitch.

Back came the Taptap team and it looked like a certain goal, when again Tom fished in his bag. He produced a pencil and drew the opposing forward into an offside position. Saved again!

One minute to go and no score! Tom took a watering can from his bag and performed a wonderful dribble up the field.

"Shoot!" roared the crowd.

Our hero produced a cannon from his bag and shot the ball into the net.

Tom's team had won!

The Taptap team left the field, and the country never to return. They had met their match in the super special agent.

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in the next issue of "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!)

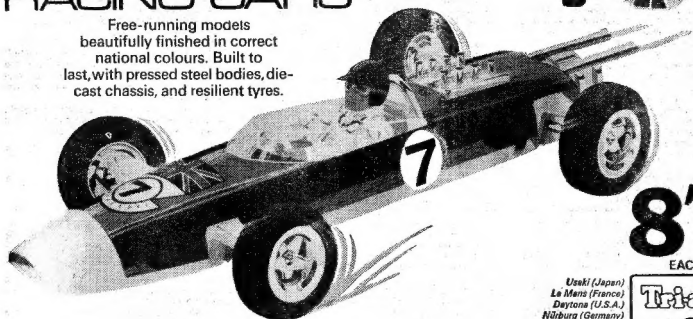
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beautifully finished in correct
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8'3

EACH

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Paul Swales (16) is training as an electronics technician.

He's an Apprentice. He's at College. He gets paid.

Paul's an apprentice at an Army College. He's being taught by superb military and civilian instructors, and when he qualifies in two years time he'll know electronics inside out.

There's masses of free sport in the Army. Free hobbies too; ten weeks paid holiday a year (with plenty of money to take home!) and good times with good friends.

Only the Army will send you to college at 15—and pay you while you're there! If you're interested, and you're between 15 and 17, send off this coupon now.

It'll bring full information and details of over 50 trades you can choose from.

It'll bring you details of

Army Junior Leaders' Units too, in which active, outdoor boys learn all the skills of leadership and soldiering.

To: Army Careers, MP6(A),
Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W.1.
Please send me full details of Army College
Apprenticeships and Junior Leaders' Units

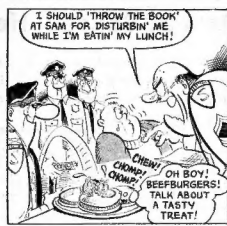
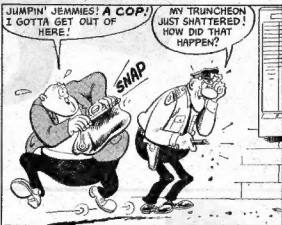
NAME
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COUNTY
DATE OF BIRTH.....
(You must be resident in the U.K.)

361457001

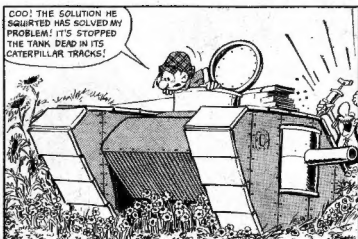
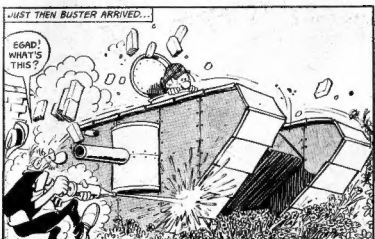
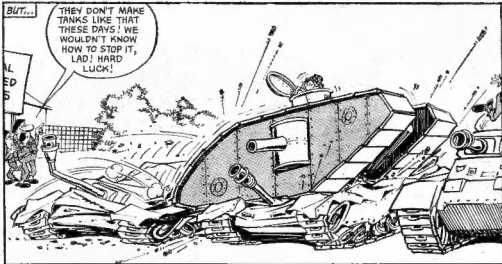
TRUST A COP TO BREAK UP A HAPPY HOME—ACCORDING TO CRUNCHER!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



JUST TO WHET YOUR APPETITE, NEXT WEEK'S TALE FEATURES A HOT-DOG STALL!



BUSTER DREAMS OF A WHALING EXPEDITION NEXT WEEK! OCEANS OF FUN IN STORE, PALS!

Published every Monday by Fleetway Publications Ltd, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. BUSTER and GIGGLE must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Printed in England by Fleetway Printers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Kingstons, Ltd. Subscription Rates: £3.0.0 for 12 months, £1.5.0 for 6 months. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden. —Saturday, 10th May, 1968.

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